

INTERESTS OF SOCIETY, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE

THANKSGIVING

By Paul G. Fink

WHILE THE excitement, preparation and expectancy of a mammoth turkey dinner on Thanksgiving fills thousands of South Bend homes today, there are others, dozens of them, where no such visions of a bounteous feast exist.

These, as everyone knows, are the home of the poor, and since last year they have increased three-fold. But they will not be forgotten, for those more fortunate in the thousands of homes are to share with them the fruits of the season.

Upwards of a half hundred bushel baskets, chuck full of every kind of things to eat, and topped by a plump chicken or some other fowl, will go out from the City Rescue Mission Wednesday afternoon to the houses of the needy.

The supplies which will make for a happy day among the poor will be the offerings of 12,000 children, of every age, from the tiny curly-headed tot in the primary grade to the strapping youth in high school.

An apple, a potato, or a squash; perhaps a pound of sugar or a quart of cranberries; maybe a glass of jam or a jar of preserves; but coming piece by piece in a city-wide contribution, this great mass of foodstuffs will begin to be assembled in the schools of South Bend tomorrow.

Not only will the youngsters of school age give up to the poor the dishes of that holiday meal, but the charitable will also drop into the baskets of the City Rescue Mission the morsels which will go to make up those dishes.

It is an old custom, but it has not long been followed in South Bend. Age-old as is this plan of aiding the poor in every way possible, and much as it has been adhered to in a general way for decades back in the history of the city, the first real effort to give to the needy a real Thanksgiving was made but seven years ago.

Burdened with the care of the poor throughout the winter and especially with the work at Christmas tide, charitable units were inclined to pass by the fall holiday and turn all their efforts toward a Christmas celebration.

Then Ray Bird came, Mr. Bird is in charge of the City Rescue Mission. To him this lack of help to those in dire straits at Thanksgiving time seemed unforgivable. It roused him to action.

Cooperating with W. W. Borden, superintendent of schools, he arranged for the first Thanksgiving day distribution of baskets. Only a few were given out that first year but in 1915 the number had increased and steadily with the wider appreciation of the value of this commendable practice, more and more were contributed for the poor until last year 50 of the baskets were filled.

The great amount of food which is required to supply the wants of these people is brought to the public schools of the city by the children, a measure of this and a measure of that, but so many aid that the whole is a mighty sum. Scarcely, of course, is chicken brought, but the custom has been in the high school to have the students make their donation in the form of money and from this fund edibles of that nature are purchased to round out the baskets. More than \$30 was collected in the high school for this cause last year.

"Looks like a big proposition," said Ray Bird, the real father of the movement, "and it is that. We have the co-operation of the entire city, however, and that makes it so much the easier.

"There is greater need this year than ever before for this care. Conditions are much different and we realize it. There is no doubt that we will have places for 60 or 70 baskets and I believe we will secure the food to fill them.

"Another need, along a similar line but not before associated with the Thanksgiving basket, is that for clothing. Demand for this year is doubled that of years gone by. In behalf of the poor this appeal has already gone out, but it would be a wonderful thing if we could answer every request by Thursday."

Those of South Bend who have presentable clothing, especially for children, will insure its delivery to deserving persons by presenting it at the City Rescue Mission where Mr. Bird will personally take charge of it.

"With the leader of the Turkey Day movement are the public schools of the city, brought close in relationship because of the common end toward which they strive.

There could be no dinners going into the humble homes without the smooth cooperation. Directing the collection of these many bushels of food in the public schools are W. W. Borden, superintendent, and the scores of teachers in charge of the various classes.

Superintendent Borden last week outlined his plans of gathering the gifts of the children in a letter to the principals of all the schools. Announcements were made to the children and tomorrow, in a most practical way, they will learn the great lesson of charity.

It is gratifying to see the splendid manner in which the children respond to this request made of them," said Supt. Borden. "None of them bring much, but very few come empty-handed. From schools in the districts of the poor there is even a small response but it is in no way urged. Some of these people, who have felt the sting of poverty but have somewhat recovered, never fail to think of those who might be in a far worse condition."

The donations of the school children are gathered from the many buildings for packing in the bushel measures at the Rescue Mission from where the final distribution will be made on Wednesday.

Even among those to whom the baskets go it is not a case of fate that governs but a systematic investigation of actual conditions. In order to assure those who give that there may be full dinner plates on Thanksgiving the City Rescue Mission has two workers delving into the real status of these needy families and it is from their reports that the list of donors is ascertained. Thus no one gets what they have not truly need for.

While the bulk of the undertaking falls on the schools and the City

GOOD BOOKS

By Leila Brechens-Rostiser

CHILDREN'S Book Week—a yearly national event—began on Nov. 12. Libraries throughout the country are observing the week by special addresses to mothers, by featuring lists of suitable books for children, thus emphasizing the importance of books on the child mind and explaining just what constitutes the best in juvenile literature.

It is surprising that parents yet do not realize the value of a good book in regard to the influence that it may make on the life of a child. Their attitude is usually such that the book they purchase is carelessly acquired. On the other hand, they will take infinite pains in selecting a pretty toy that the child will outgrow in the course of a few months.

Why this is so, I am at a loss to understand, but it is quite true nevertheless, and possibly the reason is that parents fail to grasp the fact that the book they offer their child is so much knowledge stored in the brain, shaping, influencing their very lives long after the title of the story has been forgotten.

It is the natural law of the subconscious governing the conscious, indelibly marking itself on the impressionable mind while the brain of the adult reader is more or less transitory.

I hold that there are classics for the nursery as for the library. Children's books should be selected in variety. Under the heading, classical literature, one can find books of every sort and aspect. Unfortunately the conception of classical literature has seemed forbidding by the narrow construction of the term restricting its use to works of two foreign nations.

The correct way to introduce the child to the delights of bookland is surely the approach through fairyland. Possibly you have heard, I know I have, academic purists who solemnly raise the objection that the fairy tale familiarizes children with what is unreal and therefore untrue.

Setting aside the fact that this may be applied equally as well to the whole realm of imaginative literature, I believe it to be actually false in the special facts of the case. Are not children surrounded by wonders of every sort? Is not the world peopled with giants and on every side of them, life directed by people who are twice their own size?

Is it not we who have forgotten the realities of childhood, not the children who are misled by the records of early racial experience? There is, I contend, a definite stage of child development to which the fairy story belongs and no good is gained by its omission.

As the child grows older, he should learn the records of the events of the ages and civilizations other than our own, together with the occurrences of our own time, happenings and circumstances within our own sphere of living. Eliminate the book that is written down to the child, instead select the one which is written recognizing the needs of a particular age and is presented with the motive of raising the reader to the standard of the writer's viewpoint.

It is an essential part of the upbringing of children that they should grow up aware of the immense world of human activity covered by literature and that they should have some idea to its historical development and that they should know how to use the recorded experiences of the great masters of life and thought. There is so much for the child to learn on his first lap on the voyage of life and good books help where parents sometimes fail to lay the foundations of moral and spiritual worth.

Possibly the greatest problem of modern parents is that difficult age of adolescence when the boy and girl seem to have craved for good literature, making approach on any subject a matter of careful consideration. At that time, the right books impress where words fail to drive home the message.

Too, girls and boys are forming their ideals which eventually will govern their lives when parental restriction is a thing of the past. The girl is forming her concrete ideal of manhood and the boy is vaguely visualizing his ideal of womanhood. Wise is the parent who uses the varied career of good literature for the leveling of those ideals.

But do the young folk read good books? Take any group of girls—they can tell you anything of Alice Freeman Palmer or are they not better versed in the career of Theda Bara? Do the boys know of the fine honor and delicate humor of Mark Twain or are not their ideas of humor shaped by—say, by Charlie Chaplin?

Now don't preach to them the gospel of good literature. They will be bored immediately. Simply get out a copy of any of the fascinating tales of real men and women worth knowing, and soon your child will share and appreciate the works of such writers and be secretly delighted at the subtle compliment you have paid their taste.

Don't preach, that is always fatal—just suggest, and you will find

TALENTED WOMEN IN LOCAL CONCERT



Miss Nelle Winn, left, lyric soprano, who will appear in concert at St. Paul's church this week. Mrs. Ethel Stuart Gaumer, right, local pianist, who will accompany Miss Winn.

QUEEN VICTORIA

By Mrs. Grace Paxson Dunklin

"QUEEN VICTORIA" as a biography is exact and as a history of the Victorian age, correct, but precision and facts no matter how attractively sugar coated, could never make a book which scintillates like this. It is Mr. Strachey, the psychologist, not the recorder, who has created out of historic dust—Life.

The book before the public is shrewd, ironic, sophisticated, and subtle. The author has according to his critics, invented an art of worming himself into the consciousness of the personages he has designed to study. Surely he has wormed his way into the vital soul and mind stuff that was Queen Victoria.

While his study of her can in no manner be termed sympathetic, it lacks entirely the malice displayed in "Eminent Victorians." The biography is the brilliant analysis of a woman who, endowed with all the tastes, virtues and aspirations of the solid unimaginative middle class is exalted by the accident of birth, into the most majestic figure of her land. How the years of rank, flattery, power and pomp work upon this particular personage to be leavened is the real theme of the book.

Queen Victoria herself would not have relished this volume. It has been remarked that the majestic wrath would have indignantly branded it as "indelicate, indiscreet and most reprehensible," but it is doubtful if even august disapproval would bother the author overmuch.

There were three men who played colorful and dominating parts in the lengthy drama of Victoria's reign. They were Lord Melbourne, prime minister of her girlhood, Prince Albert, the husband so passionately adored, so dutifully mourned, and Disraeli, prime minister of her later widowed years, who, by his charming flattery, lifted her out of her fog of mourning into, at least, a semblance of happiness.

Mr. Strachey's portrait of Lord Melbourne is a masterly characterization. He writes thus of him. "Probably, if he had been born a little earlier he would have been a simpler and a happier man. As it was, he was a child of the 18th century whose lot was cast in a new unympathetic age. He was an autumn rose. . . . And now, with old age upon him, his life took a sudden, new, extraordinary turn. He became in the twinkling of an eye the intimate adviser and the daily companion of a young girl who had stepped all at once from a nursery to a throne.

"His comfortable, unpunctual days became subject to the unaltering routine of a palace; no longer did he sprawl on sofas, not a single 'damn' escaped his lips. The man of the world who had been the friend of Byron and the regent, the talker whose paradoxes had held Holland House enthralled—the lover whose soft words had captivated such beauty and such passion and such wit, might now be seen, even after evening, talking with infinite politeness to a school girl bolt upright amid the silence and the rigidity of court etiquette."

He completely fascinated the young Victoria. Her diary is filled with page after page of italicized girlish gush. But great personal charm and great ability he undoubtedly possessed.

He encouraged her also to have fling at youth. And very brief it was, for while Victoria was to know much solid substantial happiness later she never again indulged or tolerated frivolity.

However, even Melbourne's star faded on the horizon at the appearance of young Prince Albert of Sax-Coburg with whom Victoria fell, promptly and obviously very deeply in love. The match had been for years desired and planned. Her passion for him was at once complete, sincere and deeper as he became to her she never understood him or made him completely happy.

Her diary at this time almost teemed with its covers with its jets of praise turned on in his praise.

Of Prince Albert the biography chronicles. "He was not in love with her. Affection, gratitude, the natural reactions to the unqualified devotion of a lively young cousin who was also a queen—such feelings possessed him, but the ardors of reciprocal passion were not his."

They were betrothed, suitably and ceremoniously married. There followed then the years of fullest satisfaction for Victoria. Years of intensely hard work, made delightful because she shared it with a beloved husband, who, in reality, a matter of heavy cares of state and equally heavy cares of a rapidly growing family. The royal couple had nine children and took them all seriously—particularly Bertie, the Prince of Wales, who inclined to be difficult.

"She was no longer Lord Melbourne's pupil; she was Albert's wife. She was more—the embodiment, the living apex of a new era of mankind. The last vestige of the 18th century had disappeared; cynicism and subtlety were shrouded into powder; and duty, industry, morality and domesticity triumphed over them. Even the very chairs and tables had assumed with a singular responsiveness, the forms of prim solidity. The Victorian Age was in full swing."

Albert was not so fortunate in his satisfaction. In spite of his high position, his royal wife, his high family, his Crystal Palace, his work well and painstakingly done he did not know happiness. He had a strain of darkness, of melancholy, of the mysterious, in his make-up which, in spite of his German sense of duty and industry, caused him to be not over fond of life.

His death at 42 effected supposedly by a chill, exposure, and a careless physician, was in reality, a matter of spiritual indifference toward living.

The queen became now the saddest figure in England. Crushed, the light of the world zone out for her, she shrouded herself in drapes upon drapes. Working to the point of exhaustion to carry out her duties as her husband would wish, she passed her days without a single gleam of light or pleasure.

In 1874, after lonely and embittered years in the queen's life during which she was misunderstood and even unpopular, Disraeli became prime minister of England. Then

—Photo by Mangold.

DIVIDED LOVE

By Winona Wilcox

THERE'S a theory, very popular today, that the more times one loves, the more one gets out of love.

Now extravagant spending for material things ends in bankruptcy; similarly, sentimental spending comes to a like end.

What happened to one man when he tried to love two women at the same time is outlined in the following frank letter:

"Married eight years, I have a son six years old. My wife is not the mother of my other child, a girl of three years.

"I have loved my wife and we have had a happy home. My business prospered when I was first married.

"Five years ago I employed a private secretary, a girl for whom I immediately developed an infatuation. She returned my feelings. Soon my affairs became complex. Worried over the girl, trying to conceal the affair from my wife, and later the expense of keeping up two homes, ruined my business. I have lost more than half the fortune I inherited.

"This fall my wife found out all—but she still loves me. So does the girl.

"But time is a curious reformer. Today I confess I could live with either woman and be perfectly happy.

"And I own I could live without either of them—and be just as happy."

This letter is printed as a human document of extraordinary interest; and also as an illumination if not a warning to lovers, married or unmarried, in a time when it is the fashion to excuse unfaith in love on the ground that man can't help it! Freud says so!

The letter proves once more that multiple love affairs do not give a man a finer, wider, greater and more intense experience. Trying to love two women at a time, he did not until he owns up that women are equally pleasing—and equally indifferent!

Comment can add little to this revelation of a commonplace and disappointing experiment. It can, however, emphasize the germ of truth in man's confession:

"How wonderful I be with either. Were I other dearer woman!"

EVENTS IN MUSIC

By Wilfred J. Riley

A program of pleasing variety and varied color will be played by the South Bend Symphony Orchestra, Frederick H. Ingersoll conducting, at the fourth concert of the series, to be given this afternoon in the high school auditorium. The assisting artist will be Herbert Gould, basso cantate of Chicago, who will sing a program of seven songs.

In arranging his program for this afternoon Mr. Ingersoll has chosen his numbers from composers whose names are not often seen on Symphony programs. The work of the modernists forms an interesting phase of music and their compositions always reveal something new and startling in the way of theme and arrangement.

The orchestral program for today calls for only six pieces, but each of the numbers listed is a gem of the various styles of music common to the composers who wrote them. It seems impossible that Mr. Ingersoll could have chosen such a variety of interesting works for so short a program.

Rudolph Friml is well known to all lovers of fine comic opera music, as the composer of the scores to such well known comedies as "The Firefly," "High Jinks," and "Somebody." Very few, however, know him as a brilliant writer of light orchestral pieces. His "After Sundown," which will be played this afternoon, is a delightful piece of descriptive writing. He has a faculty of creating the most charming melodies and placing them in a beautiful setting of unique arrangements and harmonies. Anyone who is acquainted with his musical comedy works will readily see this characteristic.

"La Fete de Seville," by Tavan, is another descriptive piece on the program. Few works are so vivid and realistic in the descriptive passages. The piece is divided into four parts (a) "Bolero," (b) "Jota," (c) "Sevillana," and (d) "March de Toreadores." Such a work as this calls for a perfect reading on the part of the conductor in order that the full effects may be gained, and it will be interesting to note how Mr. Ingersoll will handle it.

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HER HUSBAND

WOMEN pride themselves on managing lovers and husbands who would gladly manage themselves if only they could find out what the wife wants.

It's a rare wife who lets a husband see the chart she has marked on the ocean of matrimony. Husbands who hope to navigate need the uncertain waters with success often set out without sailing orders.

Some wives get their own way by nagging; some by helplessness; some apply rouse to their faces and expect to conceal the untidiness of their homes; some have hysterics to prove that they ought not to be married.

But after a while these tricks wear out; or worse, they become like unreliable compasses which will carry the matrimonial bark straight onto the rocks of everlasting domestic trouble.

An older member of their sex makes some plain observations concerning four girl chums, all about to marry:

"Lately I heard one engaged girl boast that she couldn't cook and never intended to learn. Another couldn't sew, never darned her stockings—and she wore expensive silk ones! Another just hated housework, another just hated babies!"

"And all had promised to marry unsuspecting young men who doubtless were like other men in dreaming of what an ideal home-maker the little wife would be!"

"Now I am too old and too wise to try to enlighten a modern girl about anything, but I put one question to this group:

"Do you girls tell the men you are to marry that you don't intend to keep house? And that you hate babies?"

"We're not that silly!" one asserted.

"I did not suggest this, I asked: 'Do you have some definite plan for keeping your husbands interested?'"

Then they were enthusiastic. They had discussed the point. This was their conclusion: A wife can manage a husband best—by keeping him amused!

"They were plain about that. But any old wife could have told them that men are not so easily tamed. A man must be made comfortable—before he permits himself to be amused!"

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SOCIETY

WITH the complete satisfaction of realizing how much can be accomplished by splitting their tickets, even though they had been accused of not having the intelligence to do so, the women, as soon as the great responsibility of election was over, turned their attention toward the lighter things of life. Consequently the coming week gives promise of being exceptionally gay socially.

Besides the many family gatherings and usual club doings, there are whispers of some important engagements to be announced and several formal dances, which means either a new gown or the sad but forever experience of shaking the old one out of the fumes of the moth balls and adding a bit of lace or some fresh touch to be able to feel at least in the neighborhood of the latest fashion.

Perhaps the most elaborate affair of the week will be the B'nai B'rith ball to be given at the Oliver hotel Wednesday evening. Fischer's orchestra from Kalamazoo will play the program of dances and many guests are expected from away.

Thanksgiving night the members of the Indiana and University clubs will give a formal dance at their club, for which Fischer's orchestra will play and at the Oliver hotel the members of the Notre Dame Glee club will entertain their friends at a dance, the music to be furnished by Harry Denny's orchestra.

The Norman Eddy W. R. C. held their regular meeting at the K. of P. hall. Forty-five members and 12 visitors were present. Mrs. Lulu Shock was in charge of the meeting.

Members of the Altar society of St. Joseph's church will give a dance and card party Tuesday evening at the church hall. Denny's orchestra will play the program of dances. Those in charge of the affair are: Mrs. Mary Garner, chairman; Mrs. C. Adelsperger, Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Mrs. Albert Tieslon, Mrs. William Adelsperger, Mrs. B. Nickols and Mrs. John Berglund.

The Can't Agree club met with Mrs. Henry Greiger, 326 W. Jefferson st., Friday evening. At cards the favors were won by Mrs. A. Hafer, O. J. Brubaker, Mrs. A. J. Brubaker and A. Hafer. The next meeting of the club will take place in two weeks at the home of Mrs. A. Hafer, W. Lashlie av.

Mrs. Mary Borough, 413 W. Navarre st., was hostess Friday at an all day meeting of Mrs. Mary Lamont's Sunday school class. A pot luck dinner was served at noon to 27 guests and the afternoon was spent in sewing for charity. Mrs. W. E. McKenzie gave an informal talk during the social hour.

The J. O. C. class of the Westminister Sunday school was entertained Friday evening at the home of Miss Fern Rust, S. William st. A pot luck supper was served at 6 o'clock after which the election of officers took place. The next meeting will be held with Miss Esther Wilcox, 801 Diamond av., the time to be announced later.

The Mothers-Teachers' club of the St. Michigan st. school met Friday afternoon at the school. Songs were given by the pupils of the school and Rev. E. D. Beck, pastor of the Grace M. E. church, spoke briefly on the progress of women in recent years and the importance of a mother's love for the guidance of the child's life. A festival was planned for Dec. 2 during the business session.

Mrs. A. V. Weddell, of Monroe, Wis., has announced the marriage of her daughter, Doris Ethel, to Arnold Victor Helquist, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Helquist, 327 Eddy st., on Nov. 4. After Dec. 1, Mr. and Mrs. Helquist, Jr., will be at home in this city.

Twenty-four members of the younger set were entertained at dinner Saturday evening by Mercy Longley and Albert Campbell at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Campbell, 1207 Riverside dr. Dinner was served on small tables, which were centered with yellow chrysanthemums. Following dinner the guests attended the High school dance.

The last of the series of fall frolics to be given at the Oliver hotel, took place Saturday evening in the Rotary room. The Big Five orchestra played the program of dances for about 15 couples.

The Thanksgiving social of the home service department of the First Presbyterian church was given Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John McHenry, Lincoln way W. During the social hour two readings by Mrs. J. S. McCowan were given. The assisting hostesses were Mrs. Charles Murdoch, Mrs. John Shafer, Miss Amy Bartlett, Mrs. J. S. Fetter and Mrs. Kate France.

A delightful affair of Friday was the 1 o'clock luncheon given by Mrs. R. H. Allen for 14 guests, at her home, 106 Marquette av. The carefully appointed luncheon table was